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VOICES OF PEACE

Vol. VI - - No. 3
MAY, 1938

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VOICES of PEACE

A Magazine Published by
The Papyrus Club of Peace, a Junior College for Women

Volume VI | May, 1938 | Number 3

MAY, 1938

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VOICES *of* PEACE

VOLUME VI MAY, 1938 NUMBER 3

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EDITORIALS

GENESIS

The Seniors of '38 have nearly completed the book of their lives at Peace College. Each one has shining pages and blurred pages, which can never be changed. Some have many pages, some have few, but all have made some permanent imprint. However, though our records at Peace are unalterable, the control lies within us of our future lives, wherever they may be. They may be shaped by us in whatever form we desire.

Seniors all over the United States—Seniors in high school and Seniors in college—have reached crossroads in their lives, and we ourselves must decide on which highway we shall be able to do the greatest service to mankind. May those that suffer by wrong choices take courage from the story of Bruce and the spider. May those that benefit by successful choices not, therefore, "lie down on the job," but keep climbing steadily onward in search of even better things.

To many, Commencement means chiefly the end of things long held dear. To others, it means, above all, new friendships, new ideals, and new and nobler activities. Commencement should, indeed, mean to all of us not the end but the beginning—the beginning of new work and play in new environments, which will be largely what we make them.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Do you have a "sleeping beauty"? What a queer question, you say! Do you have a talent that you don't use, but let "sleep" while you go about your work in the same old way? It is so easy to treat our every-day work as a burden and keep loveliness asleep in the tower of our souls. So often the beauty of a smile or the satisfaction of knowing that we are doing our very best helps us really to enjoy working.

There is not one of us who has not an unused talent. Perhaps we think it too small to bother with, or maybe we just hurry along not taking time even to discover it. Let us not be languid or complaining students this last term, but let each one of us play the part of the Prince—climb the tower and awake our own "sleeping beauty."

SARAH MCLEAN.

A VICTORIAN IDYLL

Let some one mention the Victorian Age and several things immediately leap to our minds—plush-covered albums and pressed pansies; repressions and sentiment and stuffy conventionalities. And then we shrug our shoulders and dismiss the thought. We are too close to it in time to be close enough in spirit to reach out, as we shall do some day, and feel the pulse of Victorian England, and discern beneath it the life blood, vibrant and glowing, and appreciate that even in those days of what we term "sticky sentimentality," there existed love which was deeper than mere sentiment, love that was ardent and passionate, love such as that of the Brownings.

Since earliest childhood Elizabeth had scribbled verses, sitting up in her green tower room at Hope End (her father's estate before they came to Number 50 Wimpole Street), consciously striving to look and act like a poet. She thought a poetess should not be *too* healthy—"it did not become a devotee of the Muses to be robust and hoydenish; rather should she seem dreamy and delicate." While in her teens she suffered a slight accident to her spine while riding her horse, and afterward tended to lapse more and more into invalidism. There was some rather more real trouble with her lungs. Nevertheless, she did not become a confirmed and seemingly hopeless invalid until after the drowning of her favorite brother, Edward, during a vacation at Torquay. Her father seemed silently to blame her for Edward's death, because she had persuaded him to stay longer than Mr. Barrett had intended for them to be away from home, and she broke down completely, resigned, if not wholly reconciled to being an invalid for the rest of her life.

She read Robert Browning's poems and admired him from afar. He was, according to David Loth, "one of those young men for whom their friends predict great things, and whose writings are noticed with casual condescension by older men." He had gained a reputation for inten-

tional obscurity in his works, and this reputation was sealed forever with the publication of *Sordello* in 1840, because, as the same biographer notes:

> It was too much, even for his friends. Douglas Jerrold made the sad mistake of trying to beguile the tedium of convalescence from a severe illness with Browning's new book. He was quite cheerful, even eager, when he opened the slim volume, but an hour later his wife found him, startlingly pale and staring horribly from among his pillows. She cried out in alarm, but Jerrold was still able to speak.
>
> "It's my mind," she heard him say weakly. "My strength is coming back, but my mind is going. I can't understand the English language any more."

Tennyson's attitude toward Browning was usually that of admiration, but his comment on *Sordello* warrants its frequent retelling: "There were only two lines in it that I understood . . . and they were both lies; they were the opening and closing lines,—

'Who will may hear Sordello's story told,'

and

'Who would has heard Sordello's story told'!"

After the publication of Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates," Elizabeth wrote her "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," which was published just before his return from a trip to his beloved Italy. As Loth writes:

> He read and rejoiced, for his name was bracketed . . . with the great of literature. His heart, easily uplifted by the slightest words of praise, thumped gratefully as he read:
>
> ". . . Or from Browning
> Some 'Pomegranate,' which if cut deep down the middle
> Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

There seemed to be no possibility of his expressing his gratitude in person, although once he came very near to meeting her, through John Kenyon, "the Magnificent," Elizabeth's cousin, but when he was about to be announced Elizabeth was too ill to receive visitors—the occasion passed, and years flew by ere they were destined really to meet. Now he sat down and eagerly wrote to her: "I love your works, my dear Miss Barrett . . . and I love you too."

His letter overjoyed Elizabeth and she reported that it threw her literally into ecstasies. She answered immediately, saying: "I thank you, dear Mr. Browning, from the bottom of my heart. . . . Such a letter from such a hand! Sympathy is dear—very dear to me: but

the sympathy of a poet, and of such a poet, is the quintessence of sympathy to me!"

Elizabeth was some six years older than Robert. As one authority states, "She was nearly forty, she had been an invalid for more than twenty years, but she reacted like a school-girl to the ardor of her new correspondent. That was not surprising, for she had never had even a school-girl's experience." There had been, of course, masculine admirers of her poetry, who had written her notes from time to time, seeming "to confuse the poetess with the poems." She had promptly rejected them all, however, "repelled by the perfidy of common men." None measured up to her youthful ideal of the perfect lover. She had demanded this and that in her knight, things which might be found in a dozen different men, but never in one mortal unless he be also far more than mere man. She had not wanted to be loved for her poetry or for any other reason than "just because." However, now "she was easily stirred by a poet's phrases. . . . She did not hesitate to lead the new young man on—in a perfectly nice way, of course." As Loth notes:

> . . . . . .
>
> On both sides . . . the first of the letters were rather coy. Neither of them could forget that this was a correspondence between poets, and both put their art on such a solemnly high level that it seriously hampered their style.

After some three weeks, however, Elizabeth begged Robert: *"Don't* let us have any constraint, any ceremony! *Don't* be civil to me when you feel rude."

The correspondence progressed beautifully. Of course, Robert would never, never have even a remote desire to be rude, but it was very nice to know that he *could,* without offending dear Miss Barrett. Each of them was quite busy getting acquainted with the other. On only one point did they differ; Robert wanted to see her, and Elizabeth did not wish to be seen. As one critic writes:

> Actually she was somewhat vexed with him for demanding to see her. The best of her, she had always felt, was on paper; personally she was nothing to see, nothing to enjoy. Her tongue tripped in vocal conversation; it was only when curled up on her sofa with the silent companionship of Flush that she could express what she truly felt. Then she could be gay and perhaps interesting; and all without effort.

She thought that she would lose his friendship, now the most important thing in her life, if he saw the thin, pale woman lying on her couch. "While once she knew she had been pretty with what her friends called unusually lovely coloring; that had all gone in her grief over Edward."

Nevertheless, Robert was insistent, and she had promised to let him come in the spring.

They differed very much in their definition of "spring." Robert insisted in February that it had already arrived, but Elizabeth was equally sure that it would not be there until May. "Yes, but, dear Mr. Browning, I want the spring according to the new 'style' (mine), and not the old one of you and the rest of the poets . . . April is a Parthian with a dart, and May . . . a spy in the camp. *That* is my idea of what you call spring; mine, in the *new style!* A little later comes my spring," she wrote in answer to his tempestuous declaration: "Real warm Spring, my dear Miss Barrett, and the birds know it; and in Spring, I shall see you, surely see you . . . I shall see you, I say!"

Finally on May 16, 1845, she wrote, "Come then," and told him to set the date. He decided on Tuesday: and

> Wilson, the adoring maid, selected the newest and finest velvet gown, the daintiest of lace frills; the soft brown curls were brushed till they glistened; Flush was properly groomed and instructed; the stage was set.

All was ready for the arrival of Browning, with the exception of one thing. Ba—as the exclusive Miss Barrett was soon to be known to the poet—decided that she had better take down his picture from its accustomed place; so it was put in a desk drawer. Tennyson was also removed—she could not show partiality.

At exactly three o'clock Robert was admitted by Arabel. "He followed her up the gloomy staircase, staring at Ba's sister with such unseeing eyes that he did not recognize her when they met again." He saw nothing of the room into which he was ushered—he had eyes only for Ba, lying on the sofa. Loth gives us this description:

> "Long . . . curls fell on either side of his hostess' pale face and were twisted up into a knot at the back of her head. Her brown eyes were small and bright. Her nose was rather long, her mouth large. Her dark skirt hung in voluminous folds above many petticoats and completely concealed her feet. The frail body was pinched in at the waist to the point of suffocation; the fashionable, lady-like hour-glass figure was attained. Her only ornament, the only break in the complete severity of her dress, was a tiny locket at her throat . . . he had come expecting to find perfection, and he was always finding what he looked for.

After a few moments, they both talked without constraint for the hour and a half which followed. Ba glanced toward the empty space left by Robert's picture, mentally comparing it with the original. Her conclusion was that it did not, could not, possibly do him justice.

They were so utterly unlike, these two, who had fallen in love ere they even met. Elizabeth expressed this thought in one of the *Sonnets:*

> Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
> Unlike our uses and our destinies.
> Our ministering two angels look surprise
> On one another, as they strike athwart
> Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
> A guest for queens to social pageantries,
> With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
> Than tears can even make mine, to play thy part
> Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
> With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
> A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through
> The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
> The chrism is on thine head,—on mine, the dew—
> And Death must dig the level where these agree.

Even in their attitudes toward love were they different. Elizabeth wrote of sentimental heroines, languishing and gentle love, and Robert's idea of love, even before he himself experienced it, was that it was, as one authority states, "strongly passionate. . . . His lovers kiss their souls out 'in a burning mist.' They cling mouth to hot mouth; they gaze each upon the other . . . till I change, grow you—I could change into you, my beloved! . . . And when death overtakes them they can say that they having lived indeed, and so—(yet one more kiss) can die!" And yet, in their dedication to poetry, they were at one.

None of this did Robert speak to Ba that first day, but hardly more than another day had gone by when he sat down and put it all on paper, pouring out his heart to her. Elizabeth returned the letter, telling him to burn it, destroy it, do anything but give it back to her. She was sure that he did not know what he was talking about, that he merely thought that he loved her, that later he would be glad she had stopped him in time. "No, if there should be one word of answer attempted to this; or of reference; *I must not . . . I will not see you again*—and you will justify me later in your heart," she insisted. Robert took her at her word and destroyed the letter, the only one in the long series not to be preserved.

No more mention was made of love for some time after this, either in conversation or in letters. Nevertheless, as Boas writes:

> However refined, love cannot escape in simplest manifestations. Though Elizabeth Barrett did not admit as yet, even to herself, that she was in love, yet like any lovesick girl in her teens she depended on her lover. The days when he came to see her were golden; soon they came to be the only days she counted.

Ba's health was improving, also. Now she even went out occasionally—love agreed with her. Three months went by, and again the subject of love—and marriage—came up. This time Ba had to admit that she loved Browning—and loved him irrevocably. However, she would not consent to marriage; she could not, she would not let her beloved Robert be burdened with a hopeless invalid. "She refused him once with all her will, but much against her heart." She urged her father's objections to the marriage of any of his children. "But if a Prince of Eldorado should come with a pedigree of lineal descent from some signory in the moon in one hand and a ticket of good behavior from the nearest Independent Chapel in the other—" Ba had once suggested—

"Why, even then," replied her sister Arabel, "it would not do."

Mr. Barrett was in many ways an indulgent parent, but even for Victorian times, he exacted filial obedience in stern measure, and he was almost insane on the subject of marriage. He violently resented the idea that one of his children might be independent of his influence, guidance, dominance—that one of them might marry and slip from under the parental thumb. He was not suspicious of Browning, however; he saw no harm in the poet, and he did not know how frequently he came to visit Elizabeth. He thought that they merely talked about poetry and Greek and other uplifting subjects—and so they did. After Robert left, they would immediately put on paper all the burning words their tongues were not permitted to utter.

> But Browning was no ascetic lover. . . . Gradually little loving words would escape him, words which . . . she found herself using . . . too. She knew she ought to say him nay; she tried and failed. Her mind—no, her conscience, said no; her heart said yes. When he first kissed her hand it was doubtful which of the two was the more embarrassed.

She tells of that first kiss and of the two which followed:

> First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
> The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
> And ever since, it grew more clean and white,
> Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "Oh, list,"
> When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
> I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
> Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
> The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
> Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
> That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
> With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
> The third upon my lips was folded down
> In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
> I have been proud and said, "My love, my own."

Mr. Kenyon, at least, suspected that they were more than just good friends, and her brothers teased her mercilessly, although they had no idea how really right they were. They loved to rummage for the picture of Robert which Ba had taken down that first day. She would move it to some new hiding-place, and they would prance around until it was unearthed again. Finally, in exasperation, she put it safely inside a copy of *Paracelsus,* which immediately became her favorite book.

Robert urged her to marry him, but she still refused, saying it was for his own good. Then she said that she would marry him—eventually, but not yet. Finally, after the long, long summer was past, she wrote an important document and sent it to Robert. She had made inquiries concerning her independent fortune, which she thought was enough to support them both, so that Robert would be free to pursue his art. He demurred, but in the end she triumphed. She lived in fear and trembling that her father would find out, and prevent the wedding and the carefully planned trip to Italy, and at last she, rather than Robert, proposed immediate marriage. However, she left the final decision to him, and—in less than three days she was Mrs. Robert Browning.

On the day appointed, she and Wilson slipped out of the house. Fortified with a bottle of sal volatile, she went to Marylbone Church to meet Robert, and there they were married, without the presence of any member of either family. It was their ninety-first meeting—the methodical Robert had kept a budget of all the minutes that he spent with his beloved Ba, minutes spent in heaven. After the ceremony, they parted, going to their respective homes.

On the following Friday, before their departure Saturday, Ba wrote the final letter in their long and ardent correspondence: ". . . By tomorrow at this time, I shall have *you* only, to love me—my beloved!

"You *only!* As if one said *God only.*"

This was the last letter she was ever to write to him, for they were rarely to be apart again until Elizabeth's death, fifteen years later.

MARION GREY BLACK, '39.

ON THE ROAD TO KABAMBA

Janson and his troop of forty native soldiers marched into Chief Ntulu's village late one afternoon. He had been warned that the natives of this Basa Mpasa country were exceedingly unfriendly. All day he had marched the soldiers through the jungle, using the widened elephant trail, and now his men were tired.

Chief Ntulu stood at the door of his mud and stick palace in all the splendor of his young manhood. Indeed, he had little else, for his only clothing was a loin cloth of bright red flannel. His face and body were painted with red and white clay; a necklace of leopard's claws hung

heavily around his throat; at the top of his mass of woolly hair were a dozen or more red parrot feathers—a sign that he had killed more than his share of enemies. As Janson stopped before him, he opened his dark, full lips to speak, and Janson noticed with gruesome awe the filed teeth of the cannibal.

"You desire food and shelter for yourself and for your men," the wily chief stated, rather than inquired. "The guest houses close by my dwelling have been prepared for your use. My men heard of your visit and notified me before the sun was yet two hours high. My women shall prepare food for your men. I shall be honored if you will dine with me."

Janson was surprised at this unexpected hospitality, and wondered at the efficiency of the Congo grapevine that had so quickly divulged his coming to the chief. He showed no curiosity or wonder, however, for he had learned in his years of opening up the Congo country that quiet acceptance of situations was a mark of true manhood in the eyes of the black man. In spite of his longing to question, he bowed deeply, and thanked the chief for his generosity and the honor conferred on him.

As the two of them sat by the fire outside Ntulu's house, after the meal of wild boar stewed in palm oil, kasava mush, greens, dried caterpillars, smoked grubworms, and palm wine, they politely exchanged the expected compliments. Janson made a special point to question Ntulu about the condition of the northward trail, leading to Ndai, and when Ntulu had carefully inquired of the matters of state, they fell silent, puffing away—the white man at his clay pipe, the black chief at his primitive gourd.

Janson broke the stillness by getting to his feet, on the point of asking permission to retire. His rising seemed to be a signal, for immediately the fire was circled by half a dozen scantily dressed, brightly painted savages, dancing frenziedly around the flames, accompanied by the rhythmical beat of the *chonda.* He glanced toward his host, and saw him swaying, as he sat on his mat, to the rhythm of the drum, his eyes glistening, his body luridly lighted by the red flames. When the dance ended, the blacks melted away in darkness as suddenly as they had appeared.

When Janson thanked Ntulu for this strange entertainment, the chieftain's lips smiled, but his eyes had a cold, hard gleam as he replied, "I am glad my friend has liked my warriors' dance. It is an old religious dance, formerly used when the tribe had returned from a raid with victims. Since you have been so well pleased, perhaps you will stay in my village a few days that I may prepare a more excellent entertainment."

"I am indeed grateful, but I must leave tomorrow. When one has an order from his king, he cannot tarry." Janson spoke as if reluctant to refuse, but all the while he closely watched Ntulu's face. Satisfied with what he found, he bade his host goodnight.

"There must have been something to the rumor heard at the post," he mused, as he made his cot ready for the night. Else why the unexpected cordiality on the part of the chief, and the weird dance? Surely there was something involved besides the black man's love for pomp and show, for that did not fit in with the furtive, fearful air with which Ntulu had been eyeing him. His bed ready, Janson called his captain to the hut.

"Have the munitions well guarded for the night," he ordered, speaking guardedly in French, fearful of listening ears. "Rouse the men early and have them ready to march by one hour after sunrise. We take the eastern road to Kabamba—but that is to be kept secret." The captain went out quietly.

The sky was a rich glow of opal fire when Janson rose and began his preparation for departure, but the sun was several hours high before he finished thanking the chief for his hospitality. At the head of his troop, Janson started toward the road leading to Kabamba. He was stopped by a black hand clutching at his sleeve.

"The white chief does not know the danger of this road," cried Ntulu frantically, his face streaming perspiration. "If he is hurt, the blame will be laid on my village. The road has been washed by many rains and only last week was torn by a herd of elephants."

He waited, anxiously scanning Janson's face. As Janson gave the order for his men to advance in double quick time, Ntulu threw himself despairingly into the dust.

After a half hour's march over an excellent trail, the miniature army came to a surprised halt before a small clearing beside the trail. The sunlight sifted through the heavy foliage overhead, falling on bright orange cone blossoms, banks of tender white lilies, clusters of delicate, fairy-like orchids nestled in feathery fern. The beauty of the spot was breath-taking—but even more so was the spectacle in the center of the clearing, where a group of startled blacks were gathered around a panting messenger.

As Janson entered the clearing the savages half rose in terror, and huddled together as if to hide something. Their efforts were futile—the white man had seen in the center of the group, two prostrate forms, half concealed by fern. The soldiers surrounded the natives crouching there in dazed silence, powerless to rise and run. Two of them dragged from their partial concealment two half-mutilated corpses. It was evident that this was the culmination of the ritualistic dance of the night before, and that Janson had surprised Ntulu's kinsmen on a picnic!

PEGGY STIXRUD, '38.

GERMANY'S RETURN TO WOTAN WORSHIP

A silver swastika against a blue field—that represents religion in Germany today. The swastika, one of the most ancient and widespread of all ornamental forms, is the symbol of the sun in the nature-religions of Aryan races, and is invariably associated with the worship of Aryan sun gods.

For what does this symbol stand? It means the return to worship of a one-eyed sun god, worshipped by the Germanic peoples two thousand years ago. To the Norse he is Odin; the Anglo-Saxons knew him as Woden, the god for whom Wednesday was named; while the German form is Wotan.

As R. B. Anderson translates the ancient myth:

> Old and tall and one-eyed, he wears a broad-brimmed hat, a cloak of many colors; he rides a dapple gray horse, Sleipner, of most curious breeding.

These characteristics were symbolic, his one eye being the sun, his colored cloak the blue-gray sky. Probably Wotan was at one time a wind god, as one authority notes.

Wotan possessed many strange privileges. Besides the wise Frigg, his goddess spouse, Wotan had twin children on the earth, whom he endowed with great ability, and many of the ancient kings claimed descent from the sun god. It is said that human victims were dedicated to Wotan at certain periods, usually being hanged upon a tree and then stabbed with a spear. From mythology we learn that kings were given only a set number of years to reign, after which period they must die. However, to appease Odin, a king might present his son as a living sacrifice, and thereby reign nine years more; one king was said to have offered up nine sons in this manner.

Some tales even represent Odin as sacrificed to himself. The story is told that he acquired his divine power by learning the following:

> "I know that I hung on the windy tree
> For nine whole nights,
> Wounded with the spear, dedicated to Odin,
> Myself to myself."

The German Faith Movement, as this return to paganism is called, had its beginning in World War days along with other strange cults. It has become increasingly stronger. As we read in the *Literary Digest* of November 16, 1935:

> Weaned from ignominy and defeat, [Germany] has been fed on the strong meat of racial pride, and today the new paganism is reckoned by a historian as the greatest and most dangerous foe of the Christianity through whose alleged failure it was fathered.

Its first meetings were held at Schwarzfeld in the same mountain cave where the pagans were said to have worshipped ages before the introduction of Christianity into Germany.

There might be various reasons behind this movement, but the basic one seems to be the achievement of unity in Germany. She has long been struggling to complete this aim, and in this new religion the Nazist dictator Hitler sees a weapon for fulfillment. As Mr. Curt L. Heymann expresses it, it is the goal of Nazism to create one people, one Reich and one faith—the third confession for the Third Reich. This "one faith," the ancient Wotan worship, is unique in the modern world. Its very uniqueness is its appeal for Hitler; through this faith he hopes to realize German nationalism by arousing racial pride. According to Dr. Hohann von Leers, an ardent protagonist of the German Faith Movement, "race is the *alpha* and *omega* of religion. . . . Hitler wants a new religion going back to the hypothetical sun and light worship of the ancient Nordics." A distinct religion of German origin is a powerful instrument for making a separated nation, and Herr Hitler well knows it. This is more than a back-to-nature movement. In the words of Hauer, one of the foremost leaders of the cult, in his *Pagan Book of Faith:* "Our Holy Land is no longer Rome and Palestine; for us the one and only Holy Land is . . . Germany."

This paganism is a powerful force. Perhaps its power can be accounted for in the serious aspect of Nordic paganism which southern paganism has lacked. Its somber intensity has inspired great literature and great music—indeed, has fostered a distinct type of civilization. Atkins says that Wagner has made all this articulate in his stormy music, but no stage can supply the setting. Today Hitler is furnishing the setting on the great stage of Germany.

As proof of how seriously the Deutschland is taking this new faith, we note that Germany is said to contain five million neopagans. In the country districts, new heathen temples have been and are being erected and former churches are being dedicated to Odin. Just last January in backwoodsy Mecklenburg, the fifteenth century chapel of St. Gertrude at Guestrow became a "Hall of the Ancestors" or a "Temple of Blood."

Prominent members of the upper class of Germany also have stated their belief in the new pagan faith. The Princess Marie Adelaide of Lippe, for instance, thinks it her duty not to allow her children's minds to be poisoned by the alien faith of Christianity, and is bringing them up under the shadow of the swastika.

But surely Christianity is not going to stand by and make no move to oppose this swiftly increasing growth of pagan worship? Even with such a large number of converts and with the support of the government behind its rival, Christianity has brave leaders. The foremost probably is the Reverend Martin Neimoeller, once a naval officer in the World War, who since choosing the pulpit has become the most outstanding clergyman of modern Germany. He was chosen president of the

Pastors' Emergency Federation, an organization which grew out of the need for defense of the Christian religion in Germany. Though now jailed on treason charges for his efforts at defiance, he is a nationally known figure for his opposition to heathen faith on German soil. A few army officers, also, have dared to voice their opinions against neopaganism in public journals.

Less positive antagonism has been shown by the world in general. A belief has developed that Germany is in a state of psychopathic hysteria. The fantastic dances and other rites which are symbolic of paganistic worship have caused the remainder of the civilized world to have, as a recent commentator puts it, a "disinclination to enter upon dealings with a people seriously interested in the worship of Wotan."

Looking at the other side of the question, Germany herself has a very decided antagonistic attitude toward Christianity—that is, speaking for a majority. Hitler brooks no rivals. In the words of Paul Hutchinson, "Nazi nationalism is selfish and tyrannical; it will never divide power with the church."

The attitude of new Germany toward Christianity has been summarized as follows:

> Humiliation and submission it considers the weaknesses of the Christian faith. . . . Such a religion it regards as not for men and warriors willing to die for the fatherland.

We have seen how this paganism would give unity through one religion which is all German and one god of German ancestry. Last in the cycle of German unification comes one leader. Always there must be a person at the head of any movement to guide its destinies and to give it life and action. Who else should this be but the man in whose brain the idea was fostered, the same who inspires German fanaticism today? One suspects that perhaps another reason behind this enthusiastic drive might well be the glorification of that person, along with Wotan and Germania. To quote Mr. Heymann again, "Hitler, hailed by his millions of followers as a new Messiah, is regarded by many as an instrument of God, similar to the Kaiser's idea of a modern knight in shining armor." Beside the Nazi swastika, symbol of religion and unity in the country, appears his image. In the Chapel of St. Gertrude mentioned before, now transformed into an austere temple by the removal of all symbols of Christianity, may be seen a "bust of Adolf Hitler, clearcut against the white wall, [which bust] might be said to replace the altar. . . . Bold outlines of the Nazi swastika replaced the cross in a stained glass window." In a nutshell, then, a neopagan religion with Hitler as its prophet!

Necessarily, there must be a plan for carrying on this movement. Herr Hitler's hopes are vested in the youth, the rising generation by which leaders for ages have tried to carry out their most cherished plans for the future welfare of the world, or for schemes of personal exalta-

tion. However that may be, Baldur von Schirach, young but fanatical leader in this project, has been instilling into the minds of many boys from the ages of eight to eighteen his teachings. What a coincidence that these teachings fit in so well with Germany's program of thorough grounding in patriotism and loyalty to the fatherland!

Another feature in this plan is the appeal to the fighting courage of old as well as young. In ancient days, as one authority writes, worship of Odin seems to have prevailed chiefly, if not solely, in military circles. He was essentially a god of courage and of battles, who carried away the brave heroes of yore to his heavenly palace, where they enjoyed feasts and fightings eternally.

As in olden times victims were offered up to Odin, so do the Jews constitute the blood sacrifice in Germany's program of Nazi fanaticism today. The Yiddish in Germany at the present are literally outcasts. They face unemployment, financial ruin, and there are instances reported of actual starvation, because no one will sell them food. All Jews of any position in Germany have been forced to resign, because of the fear and hate fostered in the minds of the majority of German people by the anti-Semitic campaign there. An Army officer with a Jewish grandmother is put out of the German Army. The German Jew is so persecuted, according to Ludwig Lewisohn, an ardent defender of his race, that he prays for rain so as to go unmolested on even the most necessary errands.

This anti-Semitic movement began as far back as 1916, at which time the Honorable Philipp Scheidemann prophesied in a news article exactly what is coming to pass today. To show the extremes to which the movement against the Jew is being carried, such signs as these may be seen along the roads of Germany: "We drink Jewish blood like beer!" And in restaurants we find: "Jews not wanted," or "No Jews served here," or "Beware of Jews and pickpockets!"

The marriage of a Jew with a German is strictly against the law. Jewish shopkeepers are even forbidden to sell golden-haired Aryan dolls, on the grounds that Jewish boys and girls might think themselves equal to German children, and that admiration of the dolls might give the idea that a Jewish boy could marry a German girl.

This, then, is the religion to which Germany is turning today. She has even changed her calendar of feast days and holidays in accordance with pagan rites. As we read in the *Literary Digest* of August 8, 1936:

> For Good Friday the peasantry is advised to think of the "4,500 Saxons slaughtered by Charlemagne." Epiphany in the calendar is the day of the three Asen, three Germanic gods. Ash Wednesday appears as Ash Wotansday. Easter is the festival of Ostara, the goddess of spring. Ascension Day appears as the day when Thor stole back his hammer. Christmas Eve is Baldur's Light Birth.

A return to age-old festivals, as celebrated by red-bearded, burly Teutons thousands of centuries ago, marks the progress of paganism in Germany today. In a fairly recent magazine article may be found a description of one of these celebrations by German youth:

> They, together with millions of their brothers and sisters, had flocked to hill-tops, lit a huge bonfire, leaped through the dancing flames, reviving the age-old Aryan Solstice Festival that has become a national celebration in New Germany.

Perhaps this pagan enthusiasm is typical of Germany. It has been said that when one knows the religion of a nation one knows the people and the nation itself. Religion is an expression of what a person is. If this is true, then Germany is still primitive and barbaric at heart. Her chief interest lies in blood and battle. Brute courage is her supreme virtue. It is impossible to see how any country can want to turn back so many years and discard the precious civilization which was once hers. She may gain unity through paganism, but she will fall so far behind the times that she will lose all chance of competing with the nations whose ideals and principles are those of humanity and international good-will.

Susan Whitfield, '39.

WHY DO WE CELEBRATE MAY DAY?

The name of the fifth month is derived from the name of the Roman goddess of growth, Maia. May festivals "are direct descendants of the ancient Floralia and of the Druidic feasts in honor of the god, Bel—the Apollo or Orus of other mythologies, the Baal of the Scriptures. But their remoter ancestry must be found in the phallic festival of India and Egypt, which in those countries took place upon the sun's entering Taurus and celebrated the renewed fertility of nature."

Some of the old customs, absurd as they may sound, still exist in part today. In sections of the Scottish Highlands the young men meet on a moor where they cut a round table or altar in green sod and build a fire. There a custard and oatmeal cake is baked. The cake is divided into many portions, one piece being blackened. These are put in a bonnet and each man "draws" a piece. The one getting the black piece must run through the bonfire three times. The difference between this and the real Baal ceremony is that in the latter the man was sacrificed.

Walpurgis Night is still observed in Bavaria and Bohemia. Preparations are made days before and, on the eve of May first, bundles of "resinous splinters, black and red spotted hemlock, caperspurge, rosemary, and twigs of the sloe," are made up to be burned on May Day.

They are burned by men who have received "plenary absolution" from the Church. The houses are cleaned and fumigated on the last three days of April, and when the church bells begin to ring at twilight the ceremony of "burning out the witches" begins. Men, women, and children make a din with pots and pans, and the dogs are set free and join in with their howling and barking. Then at a given signal the bundles of twigs are ignited and everyone yells: "Witch, flee, flee from here, or it will go ill with thee." Then they run around the entire village seven times and the witches are supposed to be expelled. It is due to Roman paganism that May Day celebrations in Anglo-Saxon regions have become feasts of flowers in memory of Flora rather than celebrations recalling the old sacrifices to Baal.

Not long ago it was the custom in the United States, to hang baskets on May Day. "The baskets were filled with flowers and candy and hung upon the door knobs. It was a point of honor for the donors to slip away without being discovered."

In Devonshire, England, May Dolls are still paraded. A doll is dressed up in ribbons and flowers with a smaller doll in its lap, resembling the Virgin and Child. It may be that May Dolls suggested the May Queens that preside over our festivals today. It has been said that Robin Hood was the original king and Maid Marian, the queen.

Maypoles were used in England as early as 1450. The May Queen was crowned and ruled her court for one day. Her subjects were usually villagers, attired as Robin Hood and his band. A man riding a pasteboard hobby horse collected contributions and then everybody was permitted to dance around the Maypole. In villages it was set up and decorated with flowers and ribbons only for May Day, but in London there were permanent Maypoles in the streets.

MARY ELIZABETH BISCEGLIA, '39.

A "REAL PEACE GIRL"

Our own Miss Lovie Jones, head of the Music Department, was once like us—a student here at Peace—and in later years she came back to her Alma Mater to teach music. She has been here longer than any other member of the present faculty and she is an integral part of Peace.

Miss Lovie was born here in Wake County and has numerous family connections in this section of the state. She is a member of the First Baptist Church of Raleigh and is deeply interested in the activities of her church.

She has traveled extensively and has thoroughly studied her art. When a girl here at Peace she studied under Mr. James P. Brawley. She later studied in the Fontainebleau School of Music in France. She has been a pupil of Wager Swayne in Paris; of Joseffy in New York,

and of Francis Moore and Sidney Silber. More recently she has attended the Sherwood School of Music in Chicago. While a student there she also taught music. She studied the Curtis Method at the Chicago Musical College, and it is this method which she uses in her teaching now.

Miss Lovie has done much toward creating in her pupils a music-loving spirit. She takes a warm interest in her individual students, teaching them not only to play the piano well, but also to appreciate fine music.

Wherever she goes, Miss Lovie sheds an atmosphere of grace and sweetness. She has a charming smile for all the girls, whether her pupils or not. She is loved and admired not only by her students but by all who know her. Everyone recognizes in her a kind, sympathetic, lovable soul. Peace is proud of Miss Lovie, for she is indeed a "real Peace girl" and an ideal one too—an epitome of beauty and goodness.

Luella Allen, '38.

ROBERT FROST

Robert Lee Frost was born in San Francisco, March 26, 1875, where his father was editing a newspaper. When Robert was ten years old, his father died. Mrs. Frost and her son came east to settle in Lawrence, Massachusetts, where her husband's father lived.

The boy disliked grammar school, but found high school more interesting. He entered Dartmouth College in 1892, but the routine of college life and some of the courses were distasteful to him, and he stayed only a few months. His first job was as a millhand in a factory in Lawrence.

Miss Elinor Miriam White and Robert Frost were married in 1895, and in 1897 he entered Harvard with the idea of taking a complete college course. He left at the end of two years, however, and turned his hand to various kinds of work, including shoemaking, and reporting on a newspaper.

His grandfather bought him a farm near Derry, New Hampshire, in 1900, which Frost managed until 1905. To supplement his income he secured a position as English teacher in the Pinkerton Academy at Derry that year, remaining there until 1911. He taught psychology in the New Hampshire State Normal School in Plymouth in 1911-'12. Tired of both teaching and farming, he sold his farm in 1912 and with his wife and four children went to England.

A Boy's Will, his first book, was published in England in 1913. *North of Boston* (1914), also published in England, established his reputation as a poet abroad and in America. In 1914 Frost and his family moved from the little country town of Beaconsfield where they had settled on their arrival in England to Ledbury, Gloucestershire, near the homes of two English poets, Lascelles Abercrombie and W. W. Gibson.

When Frost returned to America in 1915 he went to live near Franconia, New Hampshire. From 1916 to 1920 he taught at Amherst College, giving informal seminar courses for students interested in writing prose or poetry. Then, jealous of the time taken by his classroom work, he gave up teaching and moved with his family to a new farm at South Shaftsbury, Vermont.

The Frosts live simply in their rough stone house. Mr. Frost is a quiet, soft-voiced man with kind, yet keen, eyes and gray hair, liking young people and friendly with his neighbors. He works late into the night and sleeps far into the morning.

He does not force himself to write, preferring to wait until he can write at his best. "It takes me two days to unscrew and two to screw up again," he says. He does not believe in "fancy esthetics." "A poem," he explains, "begins with a lump in the throat; a home-sickness or a love-sickness. It is a reaching-out toward expression; an effort to find fulfillment. A complete poem is one where the emotion has found the thought and the thought has found the words."

Mr. Frost received the Pulitzer prize for poetry in 1924 and again in 1931. The titles of some of his published works are: *A Boy's Will* (1913); *North of Boston* (1914); *Mountain Interval* (1916); *A Way Out,* a play (1929); *Selected Poems* (1923 and 1928); *Collected Poems* (1930); and *A Further Range* (1936).

CATHERINE R. STEPHENS, Tenth Grade.

DEJECTION

I wish it were over . . . over,
As some dark age gone by;
To linger in caverns of evening
With darkness rolling by.

Oh! if it only were over
This heart could rest in peace,
And could go on forever dreaming
Of castles in the east.

I wish it were over . . . over,
As darkness in twilight sky;
To watch as sunset colors
Change slowly to gray—and die.

SIDNEY ANN WILSON, Tenth Grade.

PEACE READERS' DIGEST

WHERE GIANTS SLEEP

By THOMAS SUGRUE

[Condensed from *The American Magazine* for April]

When Charles II received, in 1660, the crown which Oliver Cromwell had taken from his father—along with his father's head—he wore for the occasion a robe of Virginia silk, and he ordered that coins be struck to inform the people that henceforth his kingdom was to consist of "England, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia."

That, of course, was a long time ago—so long ago and so unreal to the world of today that I, contemplating the Blue Ridge Mountains from a point halfway up their spine, could only excuse "The Merry Monarch" by remembering that he had never seen Virginia. If he had, in naming his kingdom, he would have put Virginia first.

At least that was what occurred to me as I leaned against the door jamb of Uncle Joe's cabin and said to him, "It's going to be a beautiful sunset."

Beside and below me the wizened, white-bearded face twitched sinewy cheek muscles and sucked at the pipe in its mouth. "It goes down," the old man said thoughtfully, "mighty purty mos' times."

Shadows were falling up the slopes of the Piedmont district, but below us in the Shenandoah Valley, the sun was still shining.

It shone on the flat, green field of Appomattox, where once in the mists of an April morning gaunt and tired Virginians cut their horses from the guns and rode them home through dogwood and redbud to plow their fields for the first time in five years. It shone on the rocky, mountainous city of Lynchburg and on the boxwood at Sweet Briar.

I left Uncle Joe and the mountains and headed for the city of Lexington, a metropolis of 4,000. I was eager to return, to set foot once again on the dark-red paving blocks of the little town. Yet again did I wish to stand in the quiet of Lee Memorial Chapel and look at the white, recumbent statue of the man who left the fields of battle in 1865 to become president of a burned and shattered college, who founded there the first school of commerce and the first school of journalism in America, and who told his students from the pulpit of the little chapel that "Duty is the sublimest word in the English language." It was he who began the honor system, the custom of speaking to everyone, and the habit of always being well dressed. Now they are traditions, and Washington College is Washington and Lee University.

In my travels I had been in Richmond in old St. John's Church, where Patrick Henry delivered his famous speech; I had stood before the tall columns of the White House of the Confederacy; one morning I had stood in the old light-house at Cape Henry and looked down on

the spot where, on the bright morning of April 26, 1607, the first settlers destined to be permanent set foot on the sandy beach of their new home. Now I hastened back to Lexington for dinner at the home of a Washington and Lee professor. And afterward, when his pipe was alight, we sat on the porch and watched the fireflies. Suddenly I was moved to ask him a question.

"What does Virginia mean to you?" I said. "You are a native, from the Eastern Shore, where the Washingtons and Lees were born."

He puffed so long at his pipe that I was afraid he would not answer at all.

"Virginia, to me," he finally said, "is what France is to the Frenchman, what England is to the Englishman. It means to me a single, united people, a great background, and a heroic age.

"In the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth there was culminated here the vast energy of a golden age. Virginia spread her civilization and her traditions and the energy of her golden age over all of America. She colonized the South, and the West.

"Here the Revolution was ended, and Washington and Jefferson and Marshall lived and propagated a great democracy. Here the Civil War was fought, and here it ended. Virginia has been the battleground of America.

"And I like Virginia because it is beautiful to live in. Its woods are full of beautiful creatures, its landscapes are various. And it is an informal, inexpensive life.

"And I like knowing the names. I know their history and what is to be expected of people who bear them. Thus, I am sure of my neighbors, of my career's worth and end, of my heritage and of my past. I am therefore somewhat insured against the future.

"Virginia is halfway between the North and the South. She belongs, really, to neither—she is not the industrial East nor yet the agricultural South. Today she remains as the proving ground—perhaps the battleground—of the nation."

And, since there was no more to be said, obviously we sat silent.

CLAIRE FREEMAN, '39.

DESCENDANT OF POLK IS WARRENTON MAYOR

[Condensed from W. S. Harrison's article in *Charlotte Observer*]

William Tannahill Polk, the great-nephew of President James K. Polk, is the only distinguished short story writer in America who is mayor of a town. He was born into a family prominent in political affairs, but he has spent most of his life quietly in his home town, where he is considered somewhat of an enigma. Mr. Polk has refused to seek a career either in literature or politics, in both of which fields he pos-

sesses great ability. He is a graduate of the University of North Carolina, and studied law at Harvard, where he became a firm friend of Thomas Wolfe. In 1936 he was president of the State Literary and Historical Association.

Mr. Polk is one of the foremost cultural leaders of North Carolina. He is a thinker of the new South, still retaining an appreciation for the South of the past.

It is his belief that, with the expansion and development now taking place in North Carolina, our state is in a condition to be molded to the desire of the people. He is emphatic in his pleas for the creation of beauty in North Carolina. In Warrenton Mr. Polk, as mayor, has instituted a Town Board of Zoning and Planning, composed of public-spirited men who endeavor to preserve the old beauty of the town. He recommends similar boards for other towns of the state. He advocates numerous art exhibitions, and is fighting against obnoxious advertising along our highways. He believes that the way to make people beauty-conscious is to put beauty before their eyes.

Mr. Polk deplores the fact that in North Carolina the percentage of books per person is so low. He writes: "No one is born civilized. It is something he acquires or does not." He believes it the duty of the state, the county, and the city to provide means of acquiring culture. Polk suggests the founding of county libraries established through state aid.

William Polk's idea of success differs from the general conception. He does those things which bring him most pleasure. He enjoys life to the fullest in his own way.

Polk enjoys music and has a fine collection of symphonic phonographic records. Whimsical, philosophical, devoted to his friends, he is an unusual man in a town which has produced many unusual men and which provides a perfect setting for him, a background of culture, tolerance, and progress.

Elizabeth Robertson, '38.

ONLY A HOUSE

The new Rollon mansion stood out from its shabby neighbors like a racer in a funeral procession. It seemingly had sprung up overnight in a community noted for the age and quiet dignity of its homes. It was a large yellow egg of a house in a precise setting of clipped boxwood. Like sightless eyes, its windows stared vacantly at nothingness.

About the new dwelling was an air of waiting, but not of expectancy. How can a house be expectant, how can it have a personality, if it has never been lived in? The Rollons were always away from home, and their snobocratic dwelling sat among its carefully kept lawns and twiddled its thumbs, taking no interest in that most delightful game called Life.

K. R., '39.

EXCHANGES

One of the most interesting essays in our exchanges for the last term was "Shakespeare's Treatment of the 'Lie in the Soul,'" by Annabelle Hallowell in the March issue of *The Acorn,* published by the students of Meredith. This essay won the Carter-Upchurch medal for 1936-'37.

Miss Hallowell says that "the lie in the soul is indicative of ignorance of absolute truth, the knowledge of which is the realization of perfect happiness or of God." She tells us that pride is the worst manifestation of the lie in the soul and that "the worst form of pride is pride of intellect, for it is through the intellect that one approaches true knowledge and the pinnacle of happiness . . ." Dante "placed Lucifer in the ice at the bottom of the Inferno because his sin is pride of intellect." Shakespeare, however, shows us the effect of the lie in the soul even more vividly than Dante, Milton, or Plato.

"Shakespeare's villains seem to have fundamental ignorance of truth. . . . They are concerned only for themselves individually, and for this reason are without love which is the all-inclusive sin. Their lives are motivated by pride alone, which leads in exactly the opposite direction from God. Their lives are actual lies of the soul because the soul is in ignorance and as a result farthest from happiness."

Miss Hallowell uses Iago, Richard III, King Lear, Othello, and Brutus as examples of the way Shakespeare treated the lie in the soul. In contrast to these she shows Cordelia and Virgilia. "Humility, not pride, motivates . . ." all of their actions.

"Shakespeare," says Miss Hallowell, "uses Art to make plain a truth already existing. He uses the artistic way because, as Browning says,

> "'. . . it is the glory and good of Art
> That Art remains the one way possible
> Of speaking truth.'"

NEWS CORNER

SOCIAL CALENDAR

March 24.....Civic Music Program: Trudi Schoop Comic Ballet
March 26.....One-Act Play Contest, Sigma Phi Kappa vs. Pi Theta Mu
March 29-April 1.....Religious Services,
Rev. Kenneth Foreman of Davidson College
April 5.....Debate, N. C. State *vs.* Massachusetts State
April 9.....Student Body Reception

April 11.....Glee Club Concert
April 13-20.....Spring Holidays
April 21.....Textile and Style Show at State College
April 22.....Grace Moore Concert, Memorial Auditorium
April 23.....Play Day, Duke University
April 23.....Plays by Dramatic Club
May 3.....May Day
May 7.....Junior-Senior Reception
May 9.....Miss Martha Myers' Piano Recital
May 14.....Junior Music Recital
May 14.....Intermediate Music Recital
May 20-26.....Examinations
May 27.....High School Graduation Exercises
May 28.....Alumnæ Business Meeting
May 28.....Alumnæ Luncheon
May 28.....Grand Concert
May 29.....Baccalaureate Sermon, First Presbyterian Church
May 29.....Vesper Service at Peace
May 30.....Class Day Exercises
May 30.....Graduation Exercises

THE SOCIETY PLAYS

On March 26, the literary societies of Peace presented two one-act comedies. The Sigma Phi Kappa Society presented *The Tenth Word,* by Colin Clements and Florence Ryerson. The setting for both scenes was the garden of Mistress Darcy's Seminary for the Education of Elegant Young Females. The time of Scene I was one late afternoon in 1812. The girls taking part in this scene were Velma Lee Peedin, Helen Clark, Marian Grey Black, Martha Longest, and Ann Boice. The action of Scene II occurred in 1938. The cast comprised Betsy Graham, Katherine Rainey, Emily Siler, Barbara Bloxam, and Josephine Martin. The Pi Theta Mu Society presented *The Sleeping Beauty,* by Margaret Ellen Clifford. The scene was the sitting-room in the Princess' suite. The time was the afternoon of her fifteenth birthday. The cast were Judith Bullock, Sarah McLean, Mary Elizabeth Bisceglia, Florence Bostick, Margaret Lawrence, Marian Grey Mitchell, Mildred Ferguson, Peggy Stixrud, Mary Jane Daffin, and Betty Kennison. The plays were directed by Miss Boswell and Miss Board.

The judges acclaimed the Pi play as the winner. The silver loving-cup was presented to Ellen Munroe, president of the victorious society.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT

On Monday evening, April 11, the Glee Club presented the Annual Spring Concert in the Dinwiddie Memorial Chapel. The program consisted of modern as well as classical numbers. Among the former were compositions from many of the outstanding Russian musicians. Modern American composers were represented by selections from Clara Edwards, Charles, and Rogers. The concluding number was the ever popular "Blue Danube Waltz" by Strauss, sung by the combined College and Preparatory Glee Clubs, a chorus of sixty-two voices. Miss Helen Board conducted and Mrs. Nelly Phillips Staudt was the accompanist.

THE STYLE SHOW

On Thursday afternoon, April 21, the faculty and students of the Textile School of State College presented girls from various colleges of the state who modeled dresses made from materials designed and manufactured by the Textile students of State College. There were a great number of noted men of the textile world present to witness the Style Show. Governor Clyde R. Hoey welcomed the out-of-state visitors, and Dr. Frank Graham of the Greater University made a number of preliminary remarks.

One hundred and forty girls from eleven North Carolina colleges modeled various articles of wearing apparel. Two of the outstanding presentations were the Japanese costume by Miss Kague Murata, of Omi-Hackiman, Japan, from Meredith College, and the bridal ensemble modeled by Betsy Ann Reid of Raleigh, from our own Home Economics Department, under the direction of Miss Bertie Whitesides.

Miss Alma Lee Becton from Louisburg College won the grand prize. Miss Becton modeled a novel beach outfit.

Peace College featured the bride and her trousseau. The girls representing Peace who took part in this display were: Betsy Ann Reid, Raleigh; Rebecca Johnston, Raleigh; Doris Askew, Raleigh; Decie Palmer, Fayetteville; Sallie Josey, Wilson; Ruby Hunt, Jonesboro; Eleanor Cromartie, Garland; Sarah Roach, Raleigh; Frances Taylor, Hookerton; Betty Winborne, Raleigh; Betsy Graham, Wilmington; Sallie England, Raleigh; and Alworthy Upchurch, Raeford.

Three prizes were given to each college represented. Sarah Roach, who modeled a lovely blue and white sport costume, won the first prize for Peace.

PLAY DAY AT DUKE

On Saturday afternoon, April 23, Peace sent a delegation to the women's campus at Duke for Play Day. Those going were Peggy Stixrud for tennis singles, Bettie Lane and Blanche Harrison for tennis doubles, Betsy Graham and Anna Belle Boyd for badminton, Velma Lee Peedin and Helen Brent for swimming, and Dottie Brown, Helen Brent, and Jerry Chambless for archery. There was no intercollegiate rivalry, for the representatives from each college were placed on color teams, and the girls played for the color, not the college. Besides a tennis tournament there were matches in badminton, archery, and golf; challenges in ping-pong, shuffleboard, tether ball, darts, and sock-it; and a swimming meet. Following the swimming meet there was a period for a free swim to any who cared for it, and last of all, refreshments were served on the lawn. The colleges taking part, besides Peace, were Salem, Saint Mary's, Meredith, and the women's colleges of Carolina and Duke.

MAY DAY

An old tradition at Peace, this year's May Day was unique in that the costumes were designed by students of the Art Department. Caroline Jerritt, the Queen, designed her own costume, and with Alworthy Upchurch the costumes of the court and the dancers. The theme was the age-old fairy tale, "The Sleeping Beauty." The director was Mrs. Grace Darsie.

Miss Jerritt's dress was of white satin, with a high Elizabethan collar, which gave quite a regal effect. The butterflies, with their striped bodies and filmy wings in rainbow colors, were particularly striking. The medieval dress of the Sleeping Beauty and the marquisette costumes of the court ladies in pastel shades had the charm and freshness, the happy air of youth and springtime.

THE PEPPERPOT

SEEN IN THE FATE-OMETER

One day as I was looking through the Fremont paper, I saw peering at me a picture of Frances Moore. I recognized her easily, although it was fifteen years since our graduation from the high school department of Peace College. Frances was sitting on top of a machine that she had made—a product of her ingenious mind. This machine, called the Fate-ometer, enabled one to see any distance by a mere push of the button.

Of course I rushed to Frances' laboratory to see this stupendous invention. Having found out about one classmate, I was filled with an overwhelming desire to find out about the others.

When I pushed the button, Cornelia McConnell was the first to meet my gaze. She was seated on the stage of Carnegie Hall, playing the piano with the New York Symphony Orchestra. The scene changed and there was Suzanne Hudson. She was in conference with her publishers over her newest book. Next I saw Betty Winborne in a fine establishment all her own; she was now a leading American dress designer. My eyes fairly popped out at the next scene. I beheld Eleanor Rives as proprietress of a famous reducing salon, and there was Edna Higgins submerging her personage in the steam cabinet. The next picture showed a girl crying over a book. I discovered that it was Bessie Woodard, whose heart was being torn to shreds by a volume of poems written by Alice Covington. A little house then slid into view. Just as I thought, it was Ann Fishel's. She and her Romeo were living there like two turtle doves. The next scene was of Betsy Ann Reid, who was dancing her way to fame and fortune on the New York stage. A huge billboard then flashed before me advertising Ipana toothpaste. The model was none other than Betsy Wells, whose grin was now her fortune. Back in good old North Carolina, I saw Sara McGee making stump speeches for the coming election, and her face wasn't a bit red. I was then swept away in fancy to the sunny shores of Florida, and there was Flora McDonald sprawled on the beach—just taking life easy. Next I saw Betty Lou Fletcher. She was detained at the Customs Bureau while getting her thirty-seven Parisian gowns, etc., checked on her return to the United States from a round-the-world cruise. The scene shifted and revealed Alberta Dickinson back at the noble institution of Peace, giving the little ladies courses in charm and personality. Her specialty was "Advice to Lovesick School Girls." A school down in Havana then came into sight, and I saw Angela Lopez trying to pound English into the heads of some little Cubans. Pushing the button again, I saw Frances Pace, Ph.D., lecturing to a group of boys and co-eds in a university classroom. Elizabeth McRae then came into

view escorted by a tall, dark gentleman. Lucky Elizabeth—she always did get the "breaks." Did you think I had forgotten all about Doris Donnelly? Well, if you did, I am now exploding that theory. I pushed the button, and there sat Doris with a pile of letters around her—requests for her pamphlets on "What Not To Do in English Class."

I was a little dubious about seeing how I might now look to my classmates. I finally got up the nerve to push the button, but it was too much for the poor machine; for it fell into a thousand pieces.

Molly Yelverton, Eleventh Grade.

CAT TALES

Many Peace girls attempt suicide over CLIFF'S.
Emily Siler has taken to WOOLEN'S in spite of the spring weather.
Susan Cooper received a BILL for a Christmas gift.
Betsy Graham has discovered the first RUSSELL of spring.
Mary is CALculating to get WINK'S from all of them.
Martha Longest writes a book on "Steam En-Johns."
Underneath it all, Mae Borden is decidedly TIM-id.
"Pony" is quite taken up with her ALLEN-gator.
Peggy has developed quite a liking for JOHN-quils lately—OSK-'er about it some time.

I never sausage eyes as thine,
And if you'll butcher hands in mine,
And liver 'round me every day,
We'll seek some ham-let far away
And meat life's frown with love's caress—
And cleaver road to happiness.

Locomotive Engineer's Journal.

SATURDAY AT PEACE

This particular day happens to be Saturday of a closed week-end. All too early—dong! dong! dong! (in fact twenty-five dongs). "There's the gong—time to get up."

What a noise then is heard. Everybody except our late sleepers crawls out. This from a room on fourth floor long hall: "Janice, Janice, hurry up! It's two till eight and you're still in bed!"

Then the breakfast bell rings. Doors open and close and we hear footsteps on the stairs and in the halls. Everybody is scurrying toward the dining-room.

"Oh, Caroline, hold the door open just a second. Irene's coming down the hall and you know we always have to wait for her."

"Well, the same old grits and eggs and prunes. Oh, well, I'll eat them—I need the vitamines. May I have the cream, Blanche? And another of those good biscuits?"

Thus this hearty meal is finished amidst din and rattle. Then most of us go to Morning Watch in the Study Hall.

"Velma Lee, don't forget to have that check cashed and pay me back for that stamp you borrowed from me last week. I want to mail Henry's letter this morning. You have time. It's five minutes before the next bell. Run!"

"Miss Kuhns, please don't give us a written lesson this morning. I did think you had a warm spot in your heart."

"Oh, I'm getting so excited over *Hernani* now."

With the ringing of the last bell for the last class we hear: "Who's going to the Ambassador today? Jo Martin? O. K. I'll go ask her if I can go. I'm just crazy to see Robert Taylor in 'A Yank at Oxford.'"

"Hold your ears: there comes Tillman." Dong—dong!

Then we hear at one of the tables, "What would it be if we didn't have gingerbread?"

"Not Saturday!"—This from Sally Cobb.

"Miss McLelland, may I make an announcement?"

Ding! Ding! "The Art Department is sponsoring a party tonight. There will be an entertainment in the auditorium and there will be fortune-telling, and all kinds of things to eat will be sold. Everybody is invited to come."

Thus the time passes and lunch is finished.

"I'd like to go uptown, but I might see somebody from Hilton Village if I stay here."

"Pony—Pony! You've got a telephone call. I think it's Sam. And Emily, Billy is going to call you in fifteen minutes."

"How about Helen Clark? She got a special this morning, and Libby Jenkins got a call."

"Ada Rose, somebody just drove up in a black coupé to see you."

"Miss Richards, please tell me my history grade so I can enjoy my afternoon uptown."

"Does anybody want to play tennis?"

"Could somebody lend me a dime?"

"Da, da, da, da," sings Mae Borden.

"Margie, break in these new shoes for me this afternoon. I've got to walk to church in them tomorrow."

"Laura, they are going to have another dance at Oak Ridge before Commencement."

"Isn't that grand music?"

Thus the afternoon passes and our shoppers begin to return.

"Velma Lee, we're Seniors now. I told everybody I knew uptown about it."

"Laura, are you sure I didn't get any calls this afternoon?"

"I'm homesick."

"Scat, Henry!"

"Does anybody know where Ruth Woltz is? She's got a call."

"All that for transcription? What do they think I am—a rich man's daughter?"

"Say, Bib, ain't love grand?"

"Isn't that a pal for you! She tells me her hat is new and mine's old."

Then it's time for dinner. We make our way to the dining-room again.

"Oh, boy! Meat-loaf, peas, sweet potatoes, and lettuce."

"It gives us joy and cheer
That we have visitors here!" we chorus.

Ding! Ding! "There will be a meeting of the Pi Theta Mu Literary Society in the girls' living-room and a meeting of the Sigma Phi Kappa Society in the gym."

"Rebecca, aren't you proud of your sister?"

After dinner we go to our Society meetings, and then preparations are made to attend the entertainment.

"Will somebody lend me a dime?"

"Did you go to the Opera last night?"

"I've got a whole slew of cardboard in my shoes 'cause they're too big. In fact I've got a whole shorthand notebook in them." This from Joyce Jones.

"Ed Stokes called me up tonight."

"I guess you've all seen on the bulletin board about our movie tonight. It's 'We're All Artists.' "

Then we are shown a moving picture. Next a style show is presented by the Peace students. The clothes modeled belong to the girls themselves. Josephine Martin announces: "This colorful Scotch plaid catches the eye for country week-ends and for town wear. Please note the attractive hat." This is modeled by Pony Monroe.

"The sweater and skirt immortalized by the co-ed for campus wear and classes." Modeled by Susan Cooper.

"Suits are going masculine—even to shirts." Modeled by Emily Siler.

"Marshall Field & Co. produces this divine gown for evening wear. Its delicacy has a subtle but definite effect upon the male heart." Modeled by Mary Jane Johnston.

"Schaparelli combines the Near and the Far East in this Grecian gown of china blue." Modeled by Betsy Graham.

The monologues and the skit entitled "Robert Burns," presented by the Dramatic Club, are now greatly enjoyed.

Then we are shown pictures by famous artists as modeled by a group of students.

Next, everybody is invited down to the Study Hall for an auction sale of pictures painted by former and present Peace students.

Going to the sale: "We can look even if we can't buy anything."

"Come right over this way, folks. Who is going to give me a bid?"

"Going once for 35c, twice for 35c, three times for 35c, and sold!"

Then all are invited into one corner of the room to have Miss Pugh cut our silhouettes, or across the hall to have fortunes told.

"Popcorn here! Candy there! Popsicles right here! Coca-colas over there!"

"Oh, there goes the date bell."

"Warning."

"Room bell."

"Light bell;" and it's time to say good-night at Peace on Saturday night.

LUELLA ALLEN, '38.

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